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HERO AND LEANDER.

BY THE LATE REV. WALTER BEGLEY.

WITH regard to this famous and beautiful poem and its authorship, we are met *in limine* by the apparently insuperable difficulty that Chapman finished the fragment supposed to be left by Marlowe when he was killed, and that Chapman also stated in his continuation of the poem that "he who drunk to me half this Musean story" did also give "his late desires" that Chapman should finish his fragmentary work. I confess I do not see any way, at present, by which this preliminary difficulty can be removed. There are also the dedications of Blount to Lord Walsingham, and of Chapman to Lady Walsingham, which strengthen the commonly received tradition; for the Walsinghams would hardly accept an untruthful or deceiving dedication.

I will therefore confine myself to pointing out a few circumstances which must not be overlooked whichever conclusion is arrived at.

First of all, Chapman's dedication of his part to Lady Walsingham only appeared in the first edition, and was ever afterwards withdrawn, though several editions appeared in Chapman's lifetime. Indeed, Dyce

and other editors were unaware of its existence, and it was only discovered by chance at Lamport Hall, where two copies of this original edition and other rarities were discovered some years ago, as all bibliographers well know.

Secondly, Edward Blount, who dedicated the fragment to Sir Thomas Walsingham, was much mixed up with Baconian literary work, with the Sonnets, the first Folio, and *Troilus and Cressida* (probably), as well as other pieces, and therefore is not quite free from suspicion.

Again, beautiful as is Chapman's reference to the author and his "latest desires," it might have been much more explicit. We get no name, and we get no account how Marlowe, suddenly smitten to death, could give his "latest desires" to Chapman, who was not named, as being present or called in, before Marlowe died. The continuation by Chapman has also its difficulties. A large portion of it is clearly by the same hand as the first two sestiads which formed the sole original fragment. Whence did Chapman obtain these additions which Blount apparently could not obtain? Again, the whole poem is crowded with posies, aphorisms, apophthegms and similitudes such as Francis Bacon delighted in above all his contemporaries.

Then there is the strange delay of several years after Marlowe's death before even the fragment was brought forth. Who was in possession of the MS. all this time? Observe, too, the many pagan and classical resemblances between it and the two Shakespeare poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, which were certainly written by Francis Bacon.

Then there is the curious puppet show of Hero and Leander in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, when Bacon is brought in apparently with Southampton. Anyhow, they had a gammon of Bacon beneath their "clokes,"*

* See further on this in "Is it Shakespeare?" p. 161 seq.

and we are told that young Leander "shakes his head like an hostler." The critics cannot make anything of these strange allusions, nor are they likely to do so while they hold the utterly wrong assumption that Jonson never attacked Bacon, either directly or through Shakespeare.

There are other objections that could be raised, but hardly any of them are worth stating while the Chapman continuation difficulty is unremoved.

But I must not conclude without an account of another continuation of *Hero and Leander* about five years after Marlowe's death, which is practically unknown, on account of its extreme rarity, and because there has never been a copy in the British Museum for students to refer to. I went to the Bodleian on purpose to see the copy there, and some account of it may be of interest.

It complicates rather than explains the Bacon-Marlowe question, but as it has a certain evident bearing upon the mystery it should not be passed over. I refer to the continuation of *Hero and Leander* by Henry Petowe (Lond. 1598). Petowe, in his dedication to Sir Henry Guilford, Knt., deprecates "envie" very strongly, and explains how the work came into being:—"The Historie of Hero and Leander penned by that admired poet *Marloe*: but not finished (being prevented by sodaine death;) and the same (though not abruptly yet contrary to all mens expectation) resting like a heade separated from the body, with this harsh sentence, *Desunt nonnulla*, I being enriched by a Gentleman friend of mine with the true Italian discourse of those Lover's further fortunes, have presumed to finish the Historie, though not so well as divers riper wits would have done," &c., &c.

There are some pretty lyrical pieces interwoven into the version here and there, and one line is:—

"Oft have I read that stone relents at rain."

But this continuation of Hero and Leander will not stand comparison with Chapman's, which seems to contain many fragments that are undoubtedly parts of the original poem.

As to Petowe's gentleman friend who supplied him with a true Italian original to help his imagination, we are too much in the dark to come to any clear conclusion.

This at least we are certain of, that the narrative poems of the later Elizabethan age—*Hero and Leander*, *Venus and Adonis*, *Pygmalion* and others—were all conceived under Italian influence, in a sensuous Italian manner, which was also refined and elegant. The original *Hero and Leander* of Musæus had been translated and paraphrased both in prose and verse by both Italians and Spaniards not very long previously, and, like Marlowe, they expanded the concise descriptions of Musæus to a very great length.

Bernardo Tasso seems to be the Italian original which Marlowe worked upon, and there are some lines of Tasso's version which are not in the original Greek, and which at the same time bear a strong resemblance to Marlowe's poem. Thus, while Leander was breasting the waves of that Hellespont that divided him from his love, Tasso says :—

" Le fighe di Nereo per l'onde salse
Scherzando coi Tritoni."

While the English poem has in the parallel passage :

"Sweet singing mermaids sported with their loves."*

The Spanish *Hero and Leander* is a tremendously long paraphrastic affair, but, speaking from a cursory examination, I should say that Marlowe's English attempt is generally independent both of the Italian and Spanish versions.

* Cf. Lewis Einstein, "Italian Renaissance in England," Macmillan. 1902. p. 354.

Whether the mystery that surrounds this most beautiful poem can ever be satisfactorily solved is a most difficult question to answer.

As Petowe's book is so very rare and difficult of access, I will give its title and a few extracts.

"The Second Part of Hero and Leander, conteyning their further Fortunes, by Henry Petowe. Sat cito, si sit bene. London. Printed by Thomas Purfoot for Andrew Harris, and are to be sould at his shop under the Pope's head, next to the Royall Exchange, 1598."

Sig. A—D₄ but A₂ is missing.

1. Address To the Right worshipfull Sir Henrie Guilford, Knight &c.

2. To the quicke-sighted Reader.

The first address mentions that the inducement to write the poem came from "a Gentleman a friend of mine" who "inriched" Petowe "with the true Italian discourse of those Lovers further Fortunes."

The second address written in a curious strained style concludes: "I am assured Gentlemen you will marvell what follie or rather furie inforced mee to undertake such a waightie matter, I beeing but a slender *Atlas* to uphoulde or undergoe such a massie burden: yet I hope you will rather assist, and further mee with the wings of your sweete favours, than to hinder my forward indeavour with your dislikings: esteeming it as the first fruits of an unripe wit, done at certaine vacant howers: In which hope I rest captivated till I be freed by your liberall and kinde censures.

Yours still, if mine ever

HENRIE PETOWE."

Henry Petowe, before beginning his continuation of *Hero and Leander*, takes up two or three pages of verse in addressing and praising Marlowe:—

Marlo admir'd, whose honney flowing vaine
 No English writer can as yet attaine.
 Whose name in Fames immortall treasurie,
 Truth shall record to endlesse memorie,
 Marlo late mortall, now fram'd all divine,
 What soule more happie, than that soule of thine ?
 Live still in heaven thy soule, thy fame on earth,
 (Thou dead) of Marlo's Hero findes a dearth.
 Weep aged *Tellus*, all earth on earth complaine
 Thy chiefe borne faire, hath lost her faire againe :
 Her faire in this is lost that Marlo's want,
 Inforceth Hero's faire be wonderous scant.
 Oh had that King of poets breathed longer,
 Then had faire beauties fort been much more stronger :
 His goulden pen had clos'd her so about,
 No bastard *Æglets* quill the world throughout
 Had been of force to marre what he had made,
 For why they were not expert in that trade :
 What Mortall soule with Marlo might contend,
 That could 'gainst reason force him stoope or bend ?
 Whose silver charming tounge mov'd such delight,
 That men would shun their sleepe in still darke night
 To meditate upon his goulden lynes,
 His rare conceits and sweete according rimes,
 But Marlo still admir'd Marlo's gon,
 To live with beautie in Elysium,
 Immortall beautie who desires to heare.
 His sacred Poesies sweet in every care :
 Marlo must frame to *Orpheus* melodie,
 Himnes all divine to make heaven harmonie,
 There ever live the Prince of Poetrie,
 Live with the living in Eternitie.

This excessive and somewhat inappropriate praise has
 a rather suspicious appearance. Petowe's continuation
 deals with the tale of the love, or rather lust, of Duke
 Archilaus, who

Cruell, voyd of pitie
 Where Hero dwelt was regent of that citie.
 Duke Archilaus lov'd but whome loved he ?
 He courted Hero, but it would not be.

Through the Duke's jealousy Leander was accused of treason, and fled from Sestos to save his life. We next hear this :

Duke Archilaus being sodaine dead
Young Euristippus ruled in his stead.

But Hero fared no better, and at last Leander returns in disguise to Sestos, in order to take part in a great tournament that was arranged soon to be held. In short, Leander "issued foorth at trumpets sound," and at the first encounter sent the Duke to ground, and at the next killed him. The people made him "heire of Sestos," and Hero was united to him. "Full many years those lovers liv'd in fame," and were transformed after death into two pine trees.

I confess I cannot understand the apparent *exclusion* of such a well-known and popular poem from Marlowe's productions. This occurs several times when contemporaries are speaking of Marlowe's fame and work. For instance, the clever and academic writer of the *Returne from Pernassus*, while criticising the list of poets given in the *Belvedere* (of 1600) just out, refers to Christopher Marlowe, who had been dead then about eight years, and whose *Hero and Leander* had been out in more than one edition (and with the author's name plainly given, too) for quite three years past, but omits all mention of the poem, popular as we know it was. This well-informed contemporary (either Day or the Hall of *Labeo* and the *Virgidemiæ*, as I rather believe)* seems to reckon Marlowe's fame to rest on his play-writing only—"a gracer of tragedians," to use Greene's phrase, and nothing else, for this is how he speaks of him :

* For very strong indications of Bacon's hand in the composition of the *Pernassus* plays, see two papers in *BACONIANA*, 1905, by R. M. Theobald, pp. 178 and 229.

Marlowe was happy in his buskind muse,
 Alas unhappy in his life and end.
 Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,
 Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell,
 Our *Theater* hath lost, Pluto hath got,
 A Tragick penman for a driery plot.

—"Returne from P.," p. 86 (Macray).

Here we have the "Theater," Tragedy, and the buskin only, and yet it is the Poets, and their *Flores* and the *Garden of the Muses*, which are being specially considered. And again we have Ed. Bolton altering his mind apparently about the authorship of *Hero and Leander* on second thoughts or further information. Such coincidence is not very weighty, but it produces suspicion. And, of course, there is also the circumstance that we hear nothing of this remarkably fine poem for nearly five years, and none of his friends ever hint that he had left such a treasure behind him. But after all the best evidence is the latest I have seen—and that, too, from an orthodox source. Mr. Anders, in his *Shakespeare's Books*, has given page after page of close parallelisms between *Hero and Leander* and the early plays of Shakespeare. How anyone can suppose, after reading these numerous striking similarities of diction and thought, that *either* of these two first-class poets should have ever been so pressed by lack of invention that he deigned to borrow the very words and poetical fancies of the other—well, I can only say such a solution seems incredible—or, to say the least, much more incredible than to suppose the poem and plays were both written by the *same* genius, both products of one brain, *unconsciously repeating* its own brilliant inspirations, under somewhat dissimilar conditions.

THE HISTORICAL COMMISSIONERS' REPRINTS.*

(Continued.)

THE papers printed by the Historical Commission from the MSS. at Gorhambury are disappointing from the Baconian point of view, as there are so few relating to the great philosopher. In fact, his importance is overshadowed by the masterful Sir Harbottle Grimston's letters, parliamentary speeches (he was Speaker of the House of Commons) and work connected with the Rolls. We have to thank him and the famous William Prynne for rescuing the important Rolls and State papers from neglect in the White Tower and from possible destruction. The thought arises,—was there no paper amongst those he handled in the Tower which would have given a clue to Queen, or rather Princess, Elizabeth's supposed marriage to Leicester before she mounted the English throne? Among the Gorhambury papers there is no mention of Queen Elizabeth.

The following extract from William Prynne's letter to Sir Harbottle at Gorhambury gives some idea of the unpleasant work gone through in searching for the ancient documents.

"1661. September 9th, Lincoln's Inn:—The opportunity of this bearer gives me occasion to inform your honour that, whilst you were sucking in the fresh country air, I have been almost choked with the dust of the neglected records (interred in their own rubbish for sundry years) in the White Tower, their rust eating out the tops of my gloves with their touch, and their dust rendering me twice a day, as black as a chimney sweep.

"I have discovered almost 94 parcels of parliament writs summons broken and scattered asunder from each other, which I have reduced into bundles, and filed in an alphabetical manner, according to the counties, wherein are sundry rareties. Besides these there are sundry rolls, essoyné rolls and unsorted bundles of originall and judicial writs in all the Courts of Westminster.

"Many hundreds of bills and pleas in chancery in English and Latin in the raynes of Richard II, Henry IV, and V, and VI, and Edward the IV (thought to be lost), etc., etc.

"If your honour please to order your clerks of the rolls to file the writs of parliament, and their returns into an alphabetical manner, according to the counties, it will be a useful work, as they are now lying in confused heaps."

William Prynne became clerk and keeper of the records in the Tower under the Master of the Rolls, and a new Record Office was built over the Master of the Rolls' coach-house.

John Rushworth, the laborious compiler of "Historical Collections," writes to Sir Harbottle and acknowledges the assistance he has received from him by the hands of Dr. Burnett. Probably this was the Dr. Burnett who collected some of Francis Bacon's manuscripts.

On the death of Sir Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, his estate of Gorhambury, as above-mentioned, passed to his great niece, the wife of Sir Harbottle Grimston, but Mr. George Grimston took up his residence in the house which Sir Francis Bacon had built in the park, and called Verulam House, or the Pond-yards. There seems to have always been a difficulty about the storage of water and its purity, and several letters from the widowed Sarah Grimston (daughter of

Sir Edward Alston) to her father-in-law, speak of a vault below the house. On May 14th, 1656, she thanks Sir Harbottle for £100 for her "mournings," and goes on to say, "As for the vault under Verulam House, I am willing there should be made a convenience for the water, but for the repairs of the house to which Mr. Bigg* was bound, if he be of so sordid a spirit as to deny repairing of a house which he lived in about three years rent free, surely it is but just if he be forced to do that which, were he of a generous disposition, he would scorn to decline." Again, May 21st, 1656, "As for the valt to carry away the water from Verulam House, the charges of it will be far greater than I conceived it to be. I am sure a much less expense, by the emptying of it, would keep the house from receiving any prejudise for the time of my life in it, and the advantage of this new valt will be to your heirs."

Verulam House was finally pulled down in 1663, with the exception of a small portion which still stands.

On page 184 we come upon a document which gives a picture of Sir Francis Bacon's home and surroundings, in "Survey of Gorhambury XVII. Century."

"The park is enclosed with a very fair new pale, such as is seldom seen about any other park, which pale cost, at least, £800 within four years. There is a warren of coneys well stored, and the burrows in good repair, upon 72 acres within the park, which warren being upon the worst part of the ground is well worth £60 per annum.

"A good part of the ground is mowable and very good pasture which may well recompense the meaner sort of ground, which is amongst the same, which nevertheless is excellent ground for wheat, the worst of it.

"Lastly, though the timber and all the hedgerows be hereafter vallewed by themselves, yeat the yongar

* Verulam House had been let to Mr. Bigg.

hedges which are very manie and good, are not vallewed at all.

"The demesnes of the manor of Gorhambury and Westwick and divers other grounds which be without the park. The site of the manor new house of Verulam with courts, and gardens containing $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres. Meadow or rich pasture ground lying about Verulam House, being formerly divided into small closes 20 acres.

"The ponde yards, besides the ponds themselves, being very good meadow $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres.

"Site of the Keeper's house, and the orchard and garden lying to it, with the green way, cometh to $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The tarase (terrace) grounds, newly set with rows of trees, from the park gate at Windmill Hall to Verulam House, being meadow and mowable ground, 17 acres. Sum total of the meadow and mowable ground, not reconing the site of the two houses, 91 acres, 1 rood. In this house there were only eleven hearths."

A. C. BUNTEN.

FRANCIS BACON. A REPLY TO A CRITIC.

IT is unusual now-a-days to see a serious article on Bacon or his philosophy unless it be written by a Baconian. There appeared, however, in "The Outlook" of the 19th of March, from the pen of Mr. John Butler Burke, a short Essay on "'Lord' Bacon and the Cambridge Style."

The following paragraph occurs in it —

"Now for some reason or another Francis Bacon has never been mistaken for anybody else. And the name of Bacon has been handed down unchanged as it deserved to be, if we neglect the attempt to identify him

with Shakespeare, or rather Shakespeare with him, which has met with so sorrowful a plight; not too unmerited, indeed, nor too creditable to him not to be absurd. But such was Bacon's combination of vanity and intellectual conceit, that people have not been wanting who would credit him with anything, however good, or bad, clever or absurd. Something unspeakable must attach itself to such a character as this, which can be credited with anything or nothing. So haphazard must the ideas have come, and so varied and changeable must the filter have been through which they had been made to pass."

Notwithstanding the sorrowful plight of those who attempt to identify Bacon with Shakespeare, the dramatist, Mr. Burke almost lands himself by their side, for he goes on to say:—

"A versatility of mind and character so wonderfully combined can only be compared with Shakespeare's amplitude of feeling and comprehension. Not one man, indeed, but many men in one, could he be described to have been in the same dress which fitted a huge variety. Doubles, trebles, multiples, under the one familiar garb, as much alike in appearance and yet as different as two peas or two Japs. To-day, to put it so, he is not the Bacon of yesterday, nor is he the Bacon we should expect to see to-morrow. Only the dress, as it were, and the outward form are the same. The temperament is ever ready to adjust itself to the occasion, to seize the occasion for an ulterior motive which forms the one connecting-link of all its various states, an ambition to be at once Nature's most obedient servant and comprehensive master, as well as England's greatest chancellor; taking all knowledge to be his province, that all Nature by such knowledge should in turn obey and become subservient to him who knew her best, he had for all this learnt that for him bread should be earned, and that at its best it should not only be buttered, but buttered on the right side, and that it was of no small importance to know which side that was."

We have it, therefore, on the admission of the writer of this article that a versatility of mind and character

so wonderfully combined, as they were in the case of Bacon, can only be compared with Shakespeare's amplitude of character and comprehension. The two men, then, if they were not one and the same, stand alone for these remarkable characteristics.* Mr. Burke is not prepared to commit himself to a wholesale condemnation of Bacon's character, for he says :—

“But the mind was majestic, though the character might have been rotten at the core. And of this latter some still have their doubts. He was censured by Parliament and deprived of the high office to which he had attained, by the intrigues of his enemies, who were many, for doing what everybody did; for it had been the custom in the country to do so, though illegally, for centuries. And yet the justice of any of his judgments was not questioned, and the presents he accepted were from both parties, and with cunning humour ignored. After his fall he proudly and magnanimously admitted, ‘I was the justest judge there was in England this fifty years; but this was the justest judgment passed by Parliament this two hundred years.’”

The writer, speaking of Bacon's early connection with Cambridge, appears to travel wide of the precise facts when he states that he left Cambridge with a profound contempt for all that he had learnt there and—with one exception—for all whom he had known there. Whitgift, he states, was Bacon's only friend, and he explains “the reason and the excuse of this single friendship” by supposing that as an undergraduate he could not have seen much of him.

This association of names is trenching again on

* In the chapter on “His Age” in “Shakespeare Commentaries,” pages 882, *et seq.*, written by Dr. G. G. Gervinus, of Heidelberg, prior to 1849, and at least seven years before the Bacon authorship of the Shakespeare dramas was suggested, will be found the most powerful analysis of the minds, characters, and works of Bacon and Shakespeare which can be found. Dr. Gervinus' views coincide with those of Mr. Burke on this point.

dangerous ground, for having regard to his well-known straightlacedness it could only have been as the result of a warm interest in the author that Whitgift, whilst Archbishop of Canterbury, became one of the guarantors of the fitness of *Venus and Adonis* for publication.

It must be remembered that Bacon left Cambridge when only fifteen years of age, but not by any means with a profound contempt for all that he had learnt there. At that early age he had recognised that the Aristotelian philosophy, as taught at Cambridge, did not advance knowledge. He says, in the preface to "The Great Instauration," "and for its value and utility it must be plainly avowed that, that wisdom which we have derived principally from the Greeks is but like the boyhood of knowledge, and has the characteristic property of boys: it can talk but it cannot generate: for it is fruitful of controversies but barren of works." He goes on to contend that the study of the sciences on the lines then followed only resulted in "contentions and barking disputations which are the end of the matter and all the issue they can yield." Further, he insists that if sciences of this kind had any life in them, that could never come to pass which has been the case for many ages—that they stand almost at a stay without receiving any augmentations worthy of the human race; insomuch that many times not only what was asserted once is asserted still, but what was a question once is a question still, and instead of being resolved by discussion is only fixed and fed; and all the tradition and succession of schools is still a succession of masters and scholars, not of inventors, and those who bring to further perfection the things invented.

Bacon's quarrel was with the assumption that the sciences had reached their full stature, and their course

being completed, had settled in the works of a few writers. The origin of this assumption he attributed to the confidence of a few persons and the sloth and indolence of the rest.

He did not leave Cambridge with a profound contempt for all that he had learnt there, but he went away without taking a degree as a protest against the course of study followed there, which he contended did not advance the conquest of men over nature. The assertion that Whitgift was the only friend Bacon made at Cambridge is certainly not borne out by the facts. It is beyond question that a lifelong friendship existed between him and Gabriel Harvey, who was Professor of Rhetoric at Cambridge, and with Fulke Greville, who completed his education at Trinity College. Little, however, is known of his early life. The facts stated by Mallet, Spedding, Montague, Hepworth Dixon, or any of his biographers, are few and far between.

Mr. Burke raises two points open to criticism in the following paragraph :—

“It was the intellect that outshone the character. And no man could have for many years continued to be his friend, for he was not in truth a friend to any man ; only Truth, whose faithful servant he seems unswervingly to have been, could claim him as her own.”

To assert that Bacon was not in truth a friend to any man is directly to contradict the testimony of those who knew him best. Sir Toby Matthew's description of him as “a friend unalterable to his friends,” and as “a man most sweet in his conversation and ways,” directly negatives this aspersion. To cite his treatment of Essex as evidence that his friendship was not to be trusted is vain. That Essex used the brains and experience of both Anthony and Francis Bacon is unquestionable, as also is it that he failed to recompense them adequately for the services which they had

rendered him. That by his injudicious and violent advocacy of Francis Bacon's claim he prevented him from obtaining advancement for many years is also beyond doubt. Let it not be forgotten that in a similar manner, and with identical results, Essex had advocated Thomas Bodley's claims for preferment, who, rather than become "a stickler or partaker in any publique faction," retired from the Court and from the pursuit of a diplomatic career. In the fragment of an autobiography which he left behind him, he relates how Essex, seeking by all devices "to winne me altogether to depend upon himself did so often take occasion to entertain the Queene with some prodigal speeches of my sufficiency for a Secretary, which were ever accompanied by words of disgrace against the present Lord Treasurer, as neither she herselfe, of whose favour before I was thoroughly assured, took any great pains to preferre me the sooner."

To say that "Truth, whose faithful servant he seems unswervingly to have been, could claim him as her own," will be assented to by all who have made a study of Bacon's mind and character. He never faltered in his allegiance to her sovereignty. Intellectually, there never lived a man who was more honest than Bacon. Truth was, in truth, his supreme mistress.

Bacon's inductive philosophy is as little understood to-day as it was in his own time, and has been ever since. Mr. Burke says of it: "He ignores the plurality of causes, and supposes that because the same cause always produces the same effect, the same effect is always produced by the same cause." How such a statement can be made by anyone who has read Bacon's pleadings for his inductive philosophy it is difficult to understand. But this affords only another instance of how little it is understood.

Sir John Herschel, whilst admitting that the Aris-

totelian philosophy had been overturned without Bacon's aid—that he had not even introduced inductive reasoning—yet held that in all future ages he would be recognised as the great reformer of philosophy because of his “keen perception and his broad and spirit-stirring, almost enthusiastic, announcement of its paramount importance, as the alpha and omega of science, as the grand and only chain for linking together of physical truths, and the eventual key to every discovery and every application.”

But Spedding puts the case more clearly in his preface to the *Parasceve*. He says: “It is true that a new philosophy is flourishing among us which was born about Bacon's time, and Bacon's name (as the brightest which presided at the time of its birth) has been inscribed upon it.

‘Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest.’

Not that Hesperus did actually *lead* the other stars. He and they were moving under a common force, and they would have moved just as fast if he had been away; but because he shone brightest he looked as if he led them. But, if I may trust Herschel, I must think that it is the Galilean philosophy that has been flourishing all these years, and if I may trust my own eyes and power of construing Latin, I must think that the Baconian philosophy has yet to come.” And that is a true statement of the facts to-day. Bacon's system of inductive philosophy has, as yet, never received a trial.

But Mr. Burke goes still further astray, for he states:—

“Professing to take all knowledge for his province, it must not be forgotten that he ignored one-half of it—that half which was a knowledge of himself. For the external world was everything, the internal nothing.

All that Nature revealed was external—nothing that was internal was of much importance. It was as though the mirror which reflected Nature, and the mind that perceived the reflection therefrom, were of no consequence, but that only the so-called external objects of vision had meaning. He was a physicist, not a metaphysician; a man of letters and an artist, not a philosopher. No more a metaphysician than Newton or Locke, and no more a philosopher than Herbert Spencer.

“But his contribution to learning, with all these limitations, lies in directing men’s thoughts to the volume and the value of empirical knowledge and the chief methods by which it might be attained; whilst his principal defect lay in ignoring the world which lies within the mind, the true servant that guides to some extent and yet may lead men to obey that vaster, but in no sense greater, world that lies beyond it. ‘A froward retention of custom is as turbulent as an innovation, and they that reverence old times too much are but a scorn to the new.’ But Bacon, as a philosopher, was in some respects verily a scorn unto himself. For he that ignoreth himself and the mind within him ignoreth all in true philosophy, however much attention he might pay to this in the world of affairs. The philosopher is an egoist in thought but an altruist in practice. Bacon has inverted all this. None the less, he has opened men’s eyes to the world around them, even if he has closed it upon the world which lies within themselves.”

The words in which Mr. Burke clothes his indictment are perilously suggestive: “It was as though the mirror which reflected Nature, and the mind that perceived the reflection therefrom, were of no consequence, but that only the so-called external objects of vision had meaning.”

That Bacon did not consider these of no consequence is made clear from the following quotation from his “*Novum Organum*”: “It may also be asked (in the way of doubt rather than objection) whether I speak of natural philosophy only or whether I mean that the

other sciences—logic, either, and politics—should be carried on by this method. Now I certainly mean what I have said to be understood of them all . . . for I form a history and tables of discovery for anger, fear, shame, and the like ; for matters political ; and again for the operations of memory, composition and division, judgment, and the rest ; not less than for heat and cold, or light, vegetation, or the like.*

Elsewhere he gives a list of thirteen classes of these tables, of which four are: *Tabulæ* concerning animal passions ; concerning sense and the objects of sense ; concerning the affections of the mind and concerning the mind itself and its faculties.

The third chapter of Book VII. of the “*De Augmentis*” is one long plea for “that half which has a knowledge of himself.” The whole argument of the chapter is that the importance of a knowledge of the internal working of the mind, disposition and character of man is as important as a knowledge of the external world—even more important. What can be more completely at variance with Mr. Butler Burke’s statement than the following passage which occurs in this chapter ? It refers to the different characters of natures and dispositions—not the common inclination either to virtues or vices, or to disorders and passions, but of those which are more profound and radical. In the consideration of this subject Bacon points out that

“Some are naturally formed for contemplation, others for business, others for war, others for advancement of fortune, others for love, others for the arts, others for a varied kind of life ; so among the poets (heroic, satiric, tragic, comic) are everywhere interspered, representations of characters, though generally exaggerated and surpassing the truth. And this argument touching the different characters of dispositions is one of those subjects in which the common discourse of men (as sometimes, though very rarely, happens) is wiser than books.”

* Chapter CXXVII.

The drama as the only vehicle through which this can be accomplished at once suggests itself to the reader. But in order to emphasize this point he proceeds—

“ But far the best provision and material for this treatise is to be gained from the wiser sort of historians, not only from the commemorations which they commonly add on recording the deaths of illustrious persons, but much more from the entire body of history as often as such a person enters upon the stage.”

Bacon becomes still more explicit. He continues:—

“ Wherefore out of these materials (which are surely rich and abundant) let a full and careful treatise be constructed. Not, however, that I would have their characters presented in ethics (as we find them in history, or poetry, or even in common discourse) in the shape of complete individual portraits, but rather the several features and simple lineaments of which they are composed, and by the various combinations and arrangements of which all characters whatever are made up, showing how many, and of what nature these are, and how connected and subordinated one to another ; that so we may have a scientific and accurate dissection of minds and characters, and the secret dispositions of particular men may be revealed ; and that from a knowledge thereof better rules may be framed for the treatment of the mind. And not only should the characters of dispositions which are impressed by nature be received into this treatise, but those also which are imposed upon the mind by sex, by age, by region, by health and sickness, by beauty and deformity and the like ; and again, those which are caused by fortune, as sovereignty, nobility, obscure birth, riches, want, magistracy, privateness, prosperity, adversity and the like.”

Shortly after follows this remarkable pronouncement.

But to speak the truth the poets and writers of history are the best doctors of this knowledge,* where we may find painted forth with great life and dissected, how affections are kindled and excited, and how pacified and restrained, and how again contained from act and further degree ; how they disclose themselves, though repressed and concealed ; how they work ; how they vary ; how they are enwrapped one within another ; how

° The knowledge touching the affections and perturbations which are the diseases of the mind.

they fight and encounter one with another ; and many more particulars of this kind ; amongst which this last is of special use in moral and civil matters ; how, I say, to set affection against affection, and to use the aid of one to master another ; like hunters and fowlers who use to hunt beast with beast, and catch bird with bird, which otherwise perhaps without their aid man of himself could not so easily contrive ; upon which foundation is erected that excellent and general use in civil government of reward and punishment, whereon commonwealths lean ; seeing these predominant affections of fear and hope suppress and bridle all the rest. For as in the government of States it is sometimes necessary to bridle one faction with another, so is it in the internal government of the mind.*

In his "*Distributio Operis*" Bacon thus describes the missing fourth part of his "*Instauratio Magna*" :—

"Of these the first is to set forth examples of inquiry and invention† according to my method exhibited by anticipation in some particular subjects ; choosing such subjects as are at once the most noble in themselves among those under inquiry, and most different one from another, that there may be an example in every kind. I do not speak of these precepts and rules by way of illustration (for of these I have given plenty in the second part of the work) ; but I mean actual types and models, by which the entire process of the mind and the whole fabric and order of invention from the beginning to the end in certain subjects, and those various and remarkable, should be set as it were before the eyes. For I remember that in the mathematics it is easy to follow the demonstration when you have a machine beside you, whereas, without that help, all appears involved and more subtle than it really is. To examples of this kind—being, in fact, nothing more than an application of the second part in detail and at large—the fourth part of the work is devoted.

The answer to Mr. Butler Burke's criticism is complete. If it were necessary to admit for the sake of argument that Francis Bacon could not have written the Shakespeare dramas, it is beyond question that in every respect they answer requirements which he has

* "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*," Book VII., chap. iii.

† *Tabulæ invemendi*.

laid down as indispensable to this projected treatise. That he saw the necessity of opening men's eyes to the world which lies within themselves, these quotations from the "De Augmentis" prove.

How difficult must it be then to refuse to take the one step further. Gervinus, in his matchless comparison of the mental characteristics of the great poet and the no less great philosopher, writing in 1849 of the Elizabethan period, before any suggestion had been made of the two sets of works emanating from one brain says:—

"Both in philosophy and poetry, everything conspired, as it were, throughout this prosperous period, in favour of two great minds, Shakespeare and Bacon; all competitors vanished from their side, and they could give forth laws from art and science which it is incumbent even upon the present ages to fulfil."

THE FAUST PUPPET PLAY.

. . . Neither can any man marvel at the Play of Puppets that goeth behind the curtain and adviseth well of the motion."

—"Advancement of Learning" (Book I.).

AS I sat last winter in the perfectly-proportioned auditorium of the Minerva Theatre in Venice, and marvelled at its fascinating puppets speaking, laughing, philosophising with the drollery and seriousness of flesh and blood, my mind reverted to Francis S. Alban and what he says of Puppet Shows.

I fully recognised to do justice to the little theatre (built, by the way, three hundred years ago), and to do his criticism justice, I must see the show from behind.

If the puppets and their play were delightful from the front, an inspection of the heaviest weights hanging upon the smallest strings, the miniature scenery and

properties, dainty wardrobes, the now motionless figures lately replete with life, pendent like Bluebeard's wives by their heads, the sudden unexpected entrance upon the stage of one of the pigmies—the clown valet—hand out to receive my congratulations, and then his side-splitting laughter, as spontaneous as my own, was, if anything, more delightful. Thanks to the skill and amiability of Signor Colla, the Venitian artificer, I am now on the fair way of being as great an enthusiast in Puppet Shows as St. Alban himself.

Like Speed, in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I, too, said in Italy :

“O excellent Motion ! O exceeding Puppet !”

As Bacon has wisely said, there is nothing new upon the earth. Puppets and their shows were the recreation of the Egyptians. This Cleopatra in *Anthony and Cleopatra* alludes to when she calls Iras an “Egyptian puppet” (“A. v. S.” ii.). The Greeks hung dolls on wires. The Motion, the technical term in Elizabethan days for the Puppet Show, was at the height of its popularity in Italy in the latter part of the fifteenth century. From Italy, some time or other, it travelled to England, where Shake-speare, Ben Johnson and other writers remark upon it. From England its puppets wandered with other strolling players to Germany, for the German stage, miniature as well as full-sized, owes its origin to England.

One of the most successful Puppet Plays in Germany has been the English Puppet Play of Dr. Faustus. I was lucky enough to see a reproduction of it in Clifford's Inn this last March, produced by a lady, Miss Nussey, of Ilkeley, who translated her play, who made her own puppets, and whose friend, also a lady, manipulated them excellently for the benefit of the Leadless Glaze Charity. We have an independent

witness to the original Faust being English, "quite English, you know," in the old nursery rhyme :—

Dr. Faustus was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then.
When he whipped he made them dance
Out of England into France,
Out of France and into Spain,
And back to England once again.

A comparison drawn between Goethe's *Faust* and the *Faust* of the Puppet Play, not altogether to Goethe's advantage, is to be found in J. C. Hedderwick's "Old German Play of Dr. Faust."* He quotes from Karl Simrock, a producer of the play in Germany, whose edition was chosen for the Clifford's Inn entertainment.

"It is," he says, "as rich in genius, invention and execution ; and if it is not so profound as a stage play, it is rounder and more effective."

The question naturally arises, whose was the first *Faust* Puppet Play? Its preservation is due to Germany, but its close connection with the tragedy of Marlowe is, according to Hedderwick, quite clear. He says : "Faust's last agonies and maddened cries woke cries that reverberate through the best work of Shakespeare," while he adds, "Without Marlowe indeed Shakespeare might have been impossible."† Goethe is reported to have said of Marlowe's *Faust* that he was "well aware Shakespeare did not stand alone," an ambiguous speech, by the way, of Goethe ! Hedderwick says : "Goethe is the only German critic who appears to have formed a just estimate of Marlowe's genius from his *Faust*." It is interesting to find, in the introduction to Dr. Faust, Mr. W. Ward saying : "No play on the subject of Faustus can be shown to have been produced on the German stage before the

Tragoedia von Dr. Faust, acted by the English comedians at Dresden in 1626, and this was presumably Marlowe's."*

The first entry occurring in Henslowe's Diary about Marlowe's *Faust* has for date 30th September, 1594, but the critics agree in believing the play was performed long before that. "That our old plays," writes Lessing, the first interpreter of Shakespeare to Germany, and a member of the great Secret Brotherhood of which Goethe was also so zealous a member, "really contain much that is English I could prove to you with very little trouble. To name only the best known among them: Dr. Faust has a number of scenes which only a Shakespearean genius was capable of conceiving"—an ambiguous phrase, worthy of Goethe, who plainly states in his Ode of the Secret Brotherhood:—

*Auf Schwiegen und Vertrauen
Ist der Tempel aufgebaut.*

Goethe, in "*Wilhelm Meister*," delights in remembering how a Puppet Show was the inspiration of his dramatic instincts. In *Wahrheit und Dichtung* he tells us the marionette fable of "*Faust* murmured with many voices in my soul. I, too, had wandered into every department of knowledge and had returned nearly enough satisfied with the vanity of science."

The words in *King Lear* II. ii., "Vanity the Puppet's part," make Goethe's words still more interesting. Hedderwick, p. 17, says: "He (Goethe) speaks also of the play as *bedeutend*, or important, and certainly it was important, in the highest sense, to the world of letters, as it proved, to use an old English phrase, to be the begetter of Goethe's masterpiece."

Following Hedderwick's quotation from Lessing come these most suggestive words:

"Assuming that this old piece was as old as the end

of the sixteenth century, what dramatist of Shakesperian power other than Marlowe was then alive? Whom else was there in England or in Germany to whom one can point?"

Dr. R. M. Theobald and the late Rev. Walter Begley have already fully answered that question in the pages of BACONIANA. They unhesitatingly reply Francis Bacon, and I go further and say if Francis Bacon wrote the "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus" for the full-sized stage, as I have no doubt he did, he was certainly also the author and contriver of the old Puppet Play of Dr. Faustus, of which Hedderwick says: "There is no Drama except Marlowe's Tragedy to which the origin of the Puppet Play can be traced."* To Bacon's interest in the Dukes of Brunswick, whose "strong castle on the Oker" he mentions in his "States of Christendom," I have already alluded in BACONIANA. In the present castle at Wolfenbüttle hangs a small oil picture, the most interesting portrait of all Duke August's, according to the late learned librarian, Herr v. Heineman.

I was complimented by him on choosing it out of all the pictures in his charge, to make a copy of.

Duke August sits in a velvet mantel and cap at a table surrounded by a motley collection of things—a mask, instruments of music, odd triangles and other emblems, a standing crucifix, foils, a tennis bat and a skull. A curtain half drawn exhibits old volumes on a shelf, where also are crucibles. Behind him are seen large globes, a winding stair and a black cat.

"*Faust!*" ejaculated Herr v. Heineman, "before *Faust* was written." Before Goethe's, but not Bacon's, *Faust* was written. Evidently the Rosicrucian Dukes of Brunswick, ardent lovers of English playwrights and actors as we know they were (for the "companions" of

Shakespeare were acting in Wolfenbüttel as early as 1591 in English), were also lovers of the English tragedy of *Faust*. And so I am the fortunate possessor of a portrait of one of them—he who is said to have collected his first books for the Ducal Library in England in Elizabeth's reign, and he is attired and "*angebildet*" as Dr. Faust himself.

Unfortunately, at the time I was visiting the Ducal Library I had no Faust clue to follow up, but I enjoyed Baconian discussions with the learned V. Heineman, who actually admitted, "You Baconians are pioneers. I allow that you have proved William Shakspeare the player did not write the plays attributed to him, but not that you have proved that Bacon did." With that one great step I had to be content.

It was interesting to learn that the late Edwin Reed, who has done such splendid Baconian work, preceded me at Wolfenbüttel, and had been shown by Herr v. Heineman the MSS. correspondence of Duke Julius August, about the printing and illustrating of his Gustavus Selenus' *Cryptomegices*, printed in folio in 1624. At the age of 64, and in the year 1643, he became Duke.

John Ingram, in his "Christopher Marlowe and his Associates,"* says the drama of Dr. Faustus by Marlowe appears to have been originally put upon the stage by the Lord Admiral's men (Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham) in 1588, at the Green Curtain, Clerkenwell. It was produced the year the Earl of Leicester died. We know he was supposed to have allied himself to the devil, and that he dabbled in forbidden arts. Was it owing to the play offending the Queen that Marlowe was obliged at this time to go before the Recorder at the Middlesex Sessions and be remanded to Newgate? We have no record of why he was thus under the ban.

* Grant Richards, 1904.

But about this time Mr. Edmund Tylney, of St. John's Gate, the Master of the Queen's Revels, complained to Lord Burleigh that he "mislikes all plays within the city," and explains as his reason that certain players about this period had been accused of referring to matters of Divinity and State. It seems that the Lord Mayor sent for both Lord Strange's and the Lord Admiral's companies, and gave them charge to forbear playing till further orders.

Was *Faust* misliked? Richard Simpson says: "Statesmen wanted the stage to be a mere amusement, to beguile the attention of the hearers from graver matters; the English stage poets felt they had a higher mission—they preached a varied body of philosophy, such as no other pulpit ever equalled." The Play of *Faustus*, as has been wisely said, deals with the spiritual combat of the soul. As to the man Christopher Marlin, Merlin, Marlen, which seem the way the name was more often written than not, he was, as is stated in an early ballad "in his early age a player," and "brake his leg." Not an unlikely accident to happen when children were so much used as flying Mercuries and infant Genii, hoisted up and down in Masques and Pastorals where the machinery was not always immaculate. The Green Curtain was the stage on which the mishap took place, and where the Admiral, Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham's Company, played *Faustus* later. Wood, in his "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," says of B. Johnson, "He did recede to a nursery or obscure Play-house called the Green Curtain, about Shoreditch or Clerkenwell; * so perhaps that theatre in its first venture trained young actors for the stage."

And now for a link in the chain connecting Francis Bacon most distinctly with the play of *Faustus*, and indirectly with the popular and interesting puppet play.

* Page 600.

That additions were made to the play after Marlowe's death is acknowledged on all hands, which play Dr. R. M. Theobald says had new characters added and "matter of the same quality as the old, and evidently by the same workman," * but who they were made by is a mystery. Now in Hedderwick, among "Dramatizations of the *Faust* Legend prior to the appearance of Goethe's *Faust*," is "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus, as it had been acted by the

Right Honorable the Earl of Nottingham

his servants, Written by Ch: Marloe, London.

Printed by V.S. for *Thomas Bushel*. 1604."

Thomas Bushel! Francis S. Alban's Seal Bearer, and Servant, brave enough and humble enough to boldly declare himself one of those "caterpillars" who were "the cause of his dark eclipse, whose execrable deeds were laid upon his guiltless shoulders."

Thomas Bushel, who tells us he waited "till the pomp of the funeral" was over (save the mark!) and who then returned with "a man" to the Isle of Man, and lived there in a cell like Timon of Athens, and fattened on a diet of herbs and roots.†

That Francis was interested in Puppet Plays we see by the quotation at the head of this article, and what more likely than that arrangements for the printing and publishing of his own were undertaken by his servant Bushel to mask him?

In the "Advancement of Learning" Francis indirectly says more about Puppet Plays; if we read the paragraph carefully we shall see that it is so.

"Chronicles," he says, "represent only grand public actions and external shows and appearances to the people."

Certainly they did so. They were called in Germany

* See BACONIANA, "Timon of Athens."

† BACONIANA, Vol. III., p. 11.

"*Inventions*," Spectacular displays, preceding, at home and abroad, the plays of Tamerlane and Faust, which dealt with the subtler inward histories of men's lives.

"These Chronicles," this dramatic critic goes on to say, "drop the smaller passages and motions of men and things."

Was this word passage ever used for dramatic work? Certainly it was. In Spain, where the Manager-Author Lope de Rueda introduced racy little episodes of human life and feeling in the common tongue of the people, these were called "*Pasos*" or "Passages." These *Pasos* came from Venice. Italy was the home of most of Rueda's plays.

So much for Passages, now for Motions. *Cokes*. "A Motion! What's that? . . . Pretty, i' faith, what's the meaning on't? Ist an interlude; or what is't?*" No, none of these things, but a Puppet Play, as Bacon knew well. That dramatic critic goes on to say:

"But as the Divine Artificer hangs the greatest weights upon the smallest strings, so such Histories (Chronicles) rather show the pomp of affairs than their true and inward springs." Perhaps we who have made Puppet Shows something of a study appreciate this apt remark better than others, for we have seen just how these weights are hung on the tiniest wires for the very object of holding the mirror up to nature, and disclosing the true inward workings of a human soul in its conflict with evil.

And again: "Lives," he says, "if wrote with care and judgment, proposing to represent a person in whom actions both great and small, public and private, are blended together, must of necessity give a more genuine and lively representation, and such is fitter for imitation."

"Lively representations," "Fitter for imitation"; let us understand the full meaning of these words.

* *Bartholomew Fair*, Act V. Scene iii., B. Johnston.

"Chronicles," Bacon admits: "show men in a more grave and prudent light," but "they are," he says, "less admirable Histories"—Histories being the word used at that time on play-bills for plays. The best Histories or Plays, he would have us understand, are "lives of men," that show their thoughts and feelings. These, he tries to make us see, are the best for production or representation in action, or "lively representation," and for "imitation"—*i.e.*, histrionic imitation. Certainly he means no other kind of imitation for, remember, he is speaking of the whole life of a *man*, public and private, not a god.

Now, what Francis Bacon advises that he practises. So I see no reason to doubt that he produced his Passages and Motions that they might "improve mankind in virtue," and that one of these bows used for the making of music on the fiddle of his own and other nations' minds was the Puppet Play of Dr. Faust.

A STAUNCH BACONIAN.

"LIKE IS LIKELY."

THERE is one advantage in the literary world not letting "belief take hold of them" in the matter of Bacon being Shakespeare the dramatist. One who has spent some years in the study of the question can live on his capital. He can bring forward what is old to him and to those who think with him, with full confidence that it will be sufficiently new to most people to make it interesting and useful. Independently of this, too, old things have their own interest. An independent setting of a trite matter has often as much interest as something quite new. *Non nova sed nove* is what makes most things interesting.

When I began the study of this question I was met with the objection, Is there any case like it in all history? Here we have an instance of that curious instinct of our minds to look on as likely whatever has happened before, and to distrust whatever there is no analogy for. "Like is likely." Well, there is a very striking example in Roman history of an analogous case.

The famous Latin dramatist, Terence, was a Carthaginian slave (B.C. 185—159), brought as a boy to Rome, and belonged to a senator, Terentius Lucanus, who educated him, freed him, and, *more solito*, gave him his own name. Terentius Afer, as he was called to distinguish him, must have had qualities which obtained for him the favour and intimacy of the great. He became intimate with Scipio Africanus the younger, and his friend Lælius, both men of the highest literary powers. They are believed to have ambitioned elevating the Roman popular taste, and imparting instruction how to better harmonise the relations of human life and society. They saw that the stage was the most efficacious means for these ends. As statesmen, they could not themselves come forward as writers of plays, and so they made use of this young freedman, who, for whatever reason, had been admitted to their friendship. This is the theory of those who hold that Scipio and Lælius were the real authors of the six famous comedies of Terence which have come down to us, and which are probably all that were written.

Before Terence was twenty-one the *Andria* was produced. This play is no less remarkable for the purity and elegance of the Latin than for its mature views of human life. This phenomenon, a Carthaginian lad, who, as a boy, had spoken only a language in its syntax and idioms wholly alien to the Roman tongue, now after a few years showing himself a far more perfect

master of a most difficult idiom than any of its previous writers, is as remarkable and suggestive as the country lad Shakspeare, brought up to speak a provincial dialect, soon after his arrival in London producing poems and plays of exquisite literary finish; not only the best English, but the best that had yet appeared, and a "well of English undefiled" for all time to come.

Terence died at the age of twenty-six. Cut off thus early, nevertheless he is commonly supposed to have been the author of the great works bearing his name, which, imperfectly appreciated during his life, went on growing in esteem and influence with posterity, not from being acted, but from being read and studied. As a classic, he is ranked among the highest, with Cicero, Cæsar and Lucretius.

However, the Roman literary world, full of admiration for the works, did not, like our literary world, make an idol of the supposed worker. We have abundant evidence how inclined the best Roman critics were to attribute these plays to Scipio and Lælius. Thus Cicero ("Ad Att." VII. 3) writes: "*Secutusque sum . . . Terentium, cujus fabellæ propter elegantiam sermonis putabantur a C. Lælio scribi,*" "and I followed Terence, whose plays, owing to the elegance of the diction, were considered to be written by C. Lælius." Quintilian ("Instit. Orat.," X. 50): "*Licet Terentii scripta ad Scipionem Africanum referantur; quæ tamen in hoc genere sunt elegantissima,*" "although the writings of Terence are attributed to Scipio Africanus; which, however, in this class (comedies) are most elegant."

That this belief regarding the authorship of these plays strengthened with time, Suetonius declares. Terence himself, in the prologue of the *Adelphi*, expresses himself thus on the matter:—

"Nam quod isti dicunt malevoli, homines nobiles
Hunc adjuvare, assidueque una scribere ;

Quod illi maledictum vehemens existimant,
Eam laudem hic ducit maximam : cum illis placet,
Qui vobis universis et populo placent :
Quorum opera in bello, in otio, in negotio
Suo quisque tempore usus est sine superbia."

"For as to what these spiteful people say, that great personages help the author and continually compose along with him, that which they think a vehement reproach, he thinks the highest praise : since he pleases them, who please you and all the Roman people : and whose services in war, in peace, in affairs, each one in due season avails himself of without arrogance."

Montaigne, in his essay entitled "A Consideration upon Cicero," a few lines from the beginning has the following : "And could the perfection of eloquence have added any lustre proportionable to the merit of a great person, certainly Scipio and Lælius had never resigned the honour of their comedies, with all the luxuriences and delicacies of the Latine tongue, to an African slave ; for that, that work was theirs, the beauty and excellency of it do sufficiently declare ; besides Terence himself confesses as much, and I should take it ill from anyone that would dispossess me of that belief."

John Davies, of Hereford, writing master, miscellaneous versifier, one of Bacon's copyists, has been with great probability identified with the "scribbler" on the cover of the Northumberland House MS. (BACONIANA, 1904, p. 138). He must have known the relations between Shakspeare the actor and Shakespeare the dramatist. In the dedication of an epigram to the former he calls him "Our English Terence." This is suggestive. For many years previous to the publication of the epigram (1620) Shakespeare had been better known as a writer of tragedies than of comedies. Had Davies called him "Our English Seneca" (Seneca's tragedies were then in high esteem), or "Our English

Sophocles," there would be nothing curious about it. Terence was famous for his comedies alone. By calling him "Our English Terence" he may very well have meant to imply that the actor's case was analogous to that of the Roman freedman.

W. A. SUTTON.

EXTENSIVE AUTHORSHIP.

THE Stratfordians contend that Bacon had no leisure in which to write the Shakespeare plays and poems. If that argument be sound, it is certain, *à fortiori*, that he could not have written the other vizarded works specifically claimed in the cipher stories, nor the other writings alluded to but unspecified, although I have ventured to claim that they include writings title-paged to Kyd, Watson, Gosson and Lyly, as well as the "Arte of English Poesie."

We know that Bacon was in literary harness in 1626, the year of his death. At what date he commenced author we know not. The early date at which his education was considered complete (apart from foreign travel), his own notes in the "Sylva," and the testimony of Hilliard, Paulet and Rawley, point to his qualification for authorship at the age of 18, if not earlier still.

These dates would give Bacon forty-eight years within which to produce his literary and dramatic works. To what extent was his time trenched upon?

There were his few years of law study, a few years when he was occasionally employed by the Queen upon her private law business and her confidential and State affairs, and during which she employed his pen in "public writings of satisfaction." In 1594 he appeared

(with the Queen's consent) in the courts for sundry private litigants, but gave up the practice before the year was out.

During the fourteen years 1607—21 he filled an office of profit under the Crown, but that did not prevent him writing and publishing his "*Novum Organum*" (1620) and other work.

His acknowledged writings, particularly his letters, show that he was a man of great perseverance and pertinacity. A rapid worker such as he was, a master of the art of poetry and style, a man with a remarkable flow of ideas and illustrations, he would write verse—particularly blank verse—almost as rapidly as prose.

Compare Bacon with another facile writer—Dickens. The latter's literary activities extended over thirty-five years, during which period he was also engaged in journalistic work, public readings and foreign travel.

The twenty-five volumes of Dickens' work would compress to about twenty of the size of the "*Pickwick Papers*."

The works title-paged to Bacon, Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Lyly, Kyd, Shakespeare, Watson, Gosson and Nash would also make not more than twenty volumes of the size of "*Pickwick*." I refer to the extent of printed matter. The set might also include the "*Anatomy of Melancholy*" and the "*Arte of English Poesie*;" but for a safer estimate a set of twenty-five volumes would include all the above publications amply and to spare.

It is open to anyone to check, confirm, or refute this calculation. Access to a good public library would be within the reach of most.

Of course letters, speeches, translations, or anything else in the nature of a duplication would have to be excluded from the estimate. A work given both in

English and Latin would only be counted once. "Dido," if included in Marlowe, would be excluded in computing the "Nash" writings.

Biographical introductions, glossarial and other indices, notes, references, appendices, and other editorial trimmings would also be omitted. Perhaps some Baconian will devote an afternoon to the subject. It may help to clear up an obfuscation which has become rather general.

PARKER WOODWARD.

KAINA KAIPIAΔAIA.

THINGS NEW AND OLD:

or,

A Store-house of Similies, Sentences, Allegories, Apophthegms, Adagies, Apologues, Divine, Morall, Political, etc., Collected by JOHN SPENCER, *a lover of Learning and Learned Men.* London: Printed by W. Wilson and J. Streater, for John Spencer at Sion Colledge MDCLVIII.

THIS is the title of a Folio in which almost every simile, sentence, etc., is Baconian. I find in it many stories and jests, which Bacon himself alludes to, amplified, and bearing his spirit and humour in every word. I am glad to bring the book into notice, that it may be carefully studied and either rejected, or accepted, as one of our great "Quill's" works. I would suggest that John Spencer was given a number of Francis Lord Verulam's private notes, and that he has supplied this work from them. He gives a long list of authors as cited in the collection, amongst whom is Francis Bacon. That the similes and allegories are all manufactured in one man's brain I feel certain, and that man "Bacon." Thomas Fuller writes the Preface, and

alludes to the author as no scholar and lacking in learning, but "always being where the Frankincense of the Temple was offered." Now a John Spencer was director of a company of English actors in 1613 at the *Kurfurst* of Braidensburgh's Court—a man of importance, taking his company to Dresden, Nürnberg, and Regensburg. They played "beautiful comedies and tragedies," danced elegantly, and made lovely music. Are the two John Spencers one and the same man?

Speculum ex Emplorum.

"It is storied of a young Virgin, that at a great Prince's hands, had the choice of three Vessels; one whereof was *Gold*, richly wrought, and set with precious stones; and on it was written, "*Who chooseth me shall have what he deserveth*"; the second was of *Silver*, superscrib'd thus, "*Who chooseth me shall have what nature desireth*"; the third was of *Lead*, whose motto was this, "*Who chooseth me shall have what God hath disposed.*" . . . The Virgin is Man's Soul. The Golden Vessel is the *world's riches*, contentfull enough to an avaritious eye. Too, too many chose this, but being opened, it was full of *dead men's bones*, and a *Fool's bable*, to set them down for very Idiots. . . The Silver Vessel is the lust of the flesh, . . . full of wild fire and an iron whip. . . The Leaden Vessel is . . . the blessing of God . . . opened it was found to be full of Gold and Pretious Stones, every one more worth than a world, the unsoiled *graces of God's Spirit*. The Virgin chose this and she was married to the King's Son. . . No matter though it seems lead without, and glister not with outward Vanities, it is rich within, the wealth thereof cannot be valued, though all the Arithmetical Accomptants should make it their design to cast it up" (p. 584).

"The Poets feign, that when Jupiter had made Man,

and was delighted with his own beauteous fabrick, he asked *Momus*, what fault he could espy in that curious Piece? What out of square, or worthy blame? *Momus* commended the proportion, the complexion, the disposition of the lineaments, the correspondence and dependence of the parts; and in a word, the symmetry and harmony of the whole. He would see him go, and liked the motion; he would hear him speak, and praised his voice and expression. But at last, he *spyed a fault*, and asked *Jupiter*, whereabout his *Heart* lay? He told him; within a *secret chamber* like a Queen in her privy lodging, whither they that come must first passe the Great Chamber and the Presence, there being a *Court of guard*, Forces and Fortifications to save it, *shadows* to hide it, that it might not be visible. *There then is the fault* (saith *Momus*) *thou hast forgotten to make a window into this Chamber*, that men might look in and see what the Heart is a doing, and whether her Recorder, the Tongue, do agree with her meaning. Thus Man is the Master-piece of God's Creation, exquisitely and wonderfully made, but his heart is close and deceitful above all things. Had he but *pectus fenestratum*, a glasse-window in his heart, how would the *black devices* which are contrived in *tenebris* appear palpably odious? How would the coals of festring malice blister the tongues, and scald the lips of those who imagine mischief in their hearts? Then it would be seen how they pack and shuffle, and cut, and deal too; but it is a poor game to the *Innocent*. In the meantime, let all such know, that the privy Chamber of the Heart hath a window to God's, though not to Man's or Angel's inspection" (p. 498).

In the "Advancement of Learning" Francis "Bacon" says: "First, therefore, the precept which I conceive to be most summary towards the prevailing in fortune, is to obtain that window which *Momus* did require;

who seeing in the frame of man's heart such angles and recesses, found fault there was not a window to look into them," etc.

"Æsop hath a fable of the two Froggs, that in the time of drought, when the plashes were dry, consulted what was best to be done ; one advised to go down into a deep well, because it was likely the water would not fail there ; the other answered, But if it do fail, how shall we get up again ? Thus Riches are a pit, whereunto we soon slip, but can hardly scramble out. Small puddles, light gains will not serve some, they must plunge into deep wells, excessive profits ; but they do not consider how they shall get out again," etc. (p. 497).

"Bacon" in his "Advancement of Learning" in his "Precept of Knowledge" says :—

"The wisdom in the ancient fable of the two frogs, which consulted when their plash was dry whither they should go, and the one moved to go down into a pit, because it was not likely the water would dry there, but the other answered, 'True, but if it do, how shall we get out again ?'"

"Theodoricus, Archbishop of Colen, when the Emperor Sigismund demanded of him the directest and most compendious way how to attain to true happiness, made answer in brief, thus : 'Perform when thou art well, what thou promisedst when thou wast sick. David did so, he made vows in war and paid them in Peace. And thus should all good men do, not like the cunning devill of whom the Epigrammatist thus writeth : (well Englished) :

'The Devill was sick, the Devill a Monk would be,
The Devill was well, the Devill a Monk was he'" (p. 491).

"There was never any instrument so perfectly in

tune, in which the hand that touched it did not amend something: nor is there any judgement so strong and perspicacious, from which another will not in some things find ground of variance" (p. 365).

Here is a quotation from "The Advancement of Learning" which reads like a piece of the *same* Essay as Spencer's:—

"And now looking back . . . this writing seemeth . . . not much better than that noise or sound which musicians make while they are tuning their instruments, which is nothing pleasant to hear, but yet is a cause why the music is sweeter afterwards. So I have been content to tune the instruments of the Muses, that they may play that have better hands."

Surely the same pen wrote those two paragraphs?

"A cracked bell makes a very harsh sound in every ear; the metall is good enough and it may be was *once well tuned*; it is the *rift* that makes it so unpleasantly *jarring*" (p. 56).

"In the ringing of bells, whilst everyone keeps his due time and order, what a sweet and harmonious sound they make? . . . but when once they jarre and check each other, either *jangling* together, or striking preposterously how *harsh* and unpleasing is that noise?" (p. 58). See "Natural History," p. 42.

"As in chesse-play so long as the game is in playing, all the men stand in their order, and are respected according to their places, first, the King, then the Queen, then the Bishops, after them the Knights, and last of all the common Souldiers. But when once the game is ended, and the table taken away, then they are all confusedly tumbled into a bag and haply the King is lowest, and the pawn upmost. Even so it is with us in this life. The world is a huge Theatre or Stage, whereon some play the parts of Kings, others of Bishops,

some Lords, many Knights, others yeomen. But when the Lord shall come with his angells to judge the world, all are alike, no difference betwixt the King and the peasant, the courtier and the clown; and if great men and mean persons are in the same sin, *pares culpæ*, *pares pænæ*, they shall be sharers in the same punishment" (p. 84).

"Men upon earth, as in the game of chesse, supply different places. One is a King, another a Queen, another a Bishop, another a pawn. But when the game is done, and they are shuffled into one bag, in the same they are all alike" (p. 493).

"It is by some observed, that the *Toad*, though otherwise an ugly venomous creature, yet carries a *precious stone* in his head, which for the excellent virtues thereof, is worn in gold-rings and otherwise. Such *Toads*, such ugly creatures, are most of men; they have the excellent *jewell of knowledge* in their heads, they can speak well; O, but they act ill, they live not according to *that knowledge*" (p. 213). See Bacon's "Physiological Remains," p. 101.

"When children meet with *primroses* . . . in the way, then they loyter on their errands, bring night home, and so get the displeasure of their parents. . . . Thus, God hath sent all of us abroad into the world, and we are every day travailing homeward; . . . if we meet with pleasures, they should only pleasure us, by putting us in mind of those pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore; or else to scorn them, as worse than trifles, and to look upon them as *pull-backs*, in the waies of God and goodnesse" (p. 206). Is this the origin of "the primrose path of dalliance"?

"There is a fable how that inconstancy would needs have her picture drawn, but none would undertake it,

because her face and shape altered so often. But at length Time took a pencill in hand and because he had no other table to do it upon, he printed her picture upon Man. And most true it is that all men and women since that time, have had too much of her resemblance, and too too many men have her very face to the life; . . . they are constant in nothing but inconstancy, they have their gales of devotion, their breathings of love, one while; at another time when the fit is upon them, then there's nothing but lumpishness of spirit, and dulness of affection; now faithful to their promise; anon, fallen off, for one by-respect or other" (p. 228).

Spencer gives Bacon's twenty-ninth Apophthegm *exactly*, only calls the hero of it *Walsingham!* Bacon calls his Apophthegms "New and Old."

"Universities are the Nurseries of all sorts of learning" (p. 219).

"Thou must read diligently, confer often, observe daily." "Reading makes a full man, Conference a ready man, and Writing an exact man" (*Ibid*). (See letter to Earl of Essex, "Resuscitatio," p. 8, Part I. "Lettera.")

"It is usually so that the vain-glorious man looks upon himself through a false glasse, which makes everything seem fairer and greater then it is, and this *flatulous* humour filleth the empty bladder of his vast thoughts, with so much wind of pride, that he presumes, that fortune, who hath once been his good mistresse, should ever be his hand-maid. But let him know that the wings of *self-conceit*, wherewith he towreth so high, are but patched and pieced up of borrowed feathers, and those impd too, in the soft wax of uncertain hope, which upon the encounter of

every small heat of danger, will melt and fail him at his greatest need. For fortune deals with him as the eagle with the tortoise. . . . It would be therefore good advice that in the midst of his prosperity, he would think of the world's instability, and that fortune is *constant in nothing but inconstancy*" (p. 336). See Bacon's "Psalms Translated," p. 23, Psalm 104, *re moon's inconstancy*.

It is important to note Essex's answer to Francis's letter already alluded to. In Spencer's Apophthegm the wings are called "of self-conceit." Essex answers, "I never flew with other wings than *Desire to Merit*," adding, "And till her Majesty, that knows, I was never bird of prey, finds it to agree with her will and her service that my wings should be *imped* again, I have committed myself to the —."

"In Spencer's Simile the *Eagle* is introduced, and also the statement that the wings are "*imped*," which in Bacon's acknowledged letter are omitted.

Bacon, in his "*Scala Intellectus*," speaks of the eagle-stone, and of a "sound heard from withinside of its solid body," which cryptic saying is explained in "New and Old."

"The naturalists observe that the Eagle building her nest on high is much maligned by a kind of venomous serpent, called *Parias*. . . . The Eagle out of a naturall instinct, keeps a kind of *agath stone* in her nest, which being placed still *against the wind*, preserveth her young ones from infection" (p. 314).

"As the serpent is charmed by music so possibly the sound emitted by this wind instrument offends by discordant sound. It is all an allegory and refers to Vain-glory and the 'noysome breath of Man's flattery and commendations.'"

The clown *Feste*, in *Twelfth Night*, calls Olivia "*Mouse of Virtue*." Why?

"*Pierius Valerianus* in his book of Egyptian Hieroglyphicks, maketh mention of a kind of *white Mouse*, called an *Armenian Mouse*, being of such a cleanly disposition, that it will rather die, than be any way defiled, so that the passage into her hole being besmeared with any filth, she will rather expose herself to the mercy of her cruel enemy, than any way seek to save her life by passing so foul an entrance" (p. 467).

"The Violet is poor in shew, grows low by the ground, and hangs the head as willing to live unseen, yet is never out of the way of preferment—is still upon the advance" (p. 271). Shake-speare's Sonnet 99 speaks of the *forward* Violet.

"Like drums and trumpets and ensigns in a battel which make a noyse . . . and act nothing; their friendship in pretence and compliment that can bow handsomely and promise emphatically and speak plausibly and forget all. But a true, reall, active friend whose words are the *windows* of his heart . . . such a friend is rare and hardly to be found."

Compare Biron's speech in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii.: "Mistress, look on me; behold the window of my heart," in reply to Maria, who says, "At the twelvemonth's end I'll change my black gown for a *faithful friend*."

"Popular men are no sure mounters for your Majesty's saddle . . . Lord Hobart . . . is no statesman but an economist, wholly for himself. My lord of Salisbury hath a good method if his ends had been upright. God ever preserve your Majesty," etc., says Francis Bacon. And in Spencer we find:—

"It is heartily to be wished, that all such as profess themselves to be Christians, would learn so much of

the Heathen as not to raise themselves by the aim of others, to make use of that weaker brother as a stirrup to mount them into the saddle of their so much desired greatnesse . . . always remembring that of our English Solomon (King James), honesty will prove to be best policy in the end."

"When we pluck down a house with intent to new build it, or repair the ruins of it, we warn the inhabitants out of it, least they should be soyled with the dust and rubbish, or offended with the noise, and so for a time provide some other place for them; but when we have new trimmed and dressed up the house then we bring them back to a better habitation. Thus God, when he overturneth this rotten roome of our flesh, calleth out the Soul for a little time, and lodgeth it with himself in some corner of his Kingdom, but repaireth the breaks of our bodies against the Resurrection, and then having made them decent, yea glorious and incorruptible, he doth put our Soules back again into their acquainted Mansions" (p. 176).

When Francis Bacon saw marble statues brought from Greece and Rome by Thomas Howard or Lord Arundel restored and placed in his garden he said :—

"We have here a type of the Resurrection."

As a reason why such a religious book as Spencer's should be supposed to be Bacon's, I quote our "Quill's" own words :—

"It is allowed even in divinity that some interpretations, yea, and some writings have more of the eagle in them than others, but taking them as instructions for life, they might have received large discourse, if I would have broken them and illustrated them by deducements and examples.

"Neither was this in use only with the Hebrews, but it is generally to be found in the *wisdom of the more*

ancient times ; thus as men found out any observation that they thought was good for life, they would gather it, and express it in parable, or aphorism, or fable. . . .

"When the example is the ground, being set down in an history at large, it is set down with all circumstances, *which may sometimes control the discourse there-upon made*, and sometimes supply it as a very pattern for action."

Bacon found fault with preachers not being interesting or good enough in his day, so it is more than likely he provided these similes from sources "New and Old"—in other words, "Ancient and Modern"—to supply the clergy with both subjects and illustrations in very truth, "that they may be applied to a more Divine use." *

ALICIA A. LEITH.

SHAKESPERE'S RING.

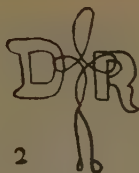
AMONG other relics at Stratford-on-Avon is Shakspere's seal ring. The design that it bears is reproduced on the cover of Green's "Shakspere and the Emblem Writers," but Green offers no explanation of its meaning.

From the rough facsimile herewith it will be seen that the initials W. S. are linked together by a tasselled cord twisted into the form of a clover leaf. It does not appear to be generally known that this design was a mystic emblem of the Deity employed sometimes as a talisman. The same emblem was popular as a "trade-mark" among continental papermakers, and in all probability also among other craftsmen. M. Briquet in

* "Advancement of Learning": Aphorisms by Solomon the King.



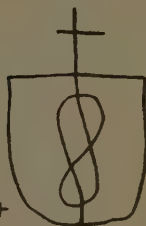
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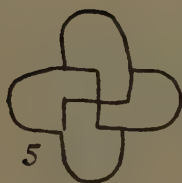
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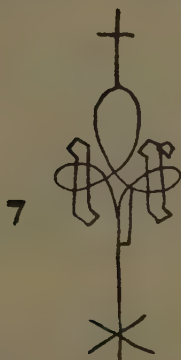
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5



6



7

Fig. 1, Shakespeare's Ring. Figs. 2 to 7, Continental Watermarks.

his "Dictionary of Watermarks"* gives many examples but offers no explanation for their appearance. There seems little doubt that the emblem on Shakespere's ring is of Gnostic origin, and that under the name of Solomon's Knot it represented the Divine Inscrutability. Great ingenuity was exercised in the designing of these knot emblems. Sometimes one meets with them in the form of a cross, but more often that of a trefoil. Occasionally the *svastika* was worked in, and in fig. 6 it will be seen that the device consists of three trefoils forming a five-rayed star—an emblematic triumph that must have afforded a ripe satisfaction to the designer.

Why this mystic symbolism is found among watermarks has been explained elsewhere,† and it is unnecessary to pursue it here. But the fact that identical symbolism is found on Shakespere's ring is not without its bearing on the vexed problem of Shakespere's education. While on the one hand it might be used as an argument against the "uneducated clod" theory, on the other it may be maintained that the jeweller who made the ring was responsible for its form. That the design itself was originally mystic is sufficiently obvious.

HAROLD BAYLEY.

FRANCIS BACON AND THE USE OF CYPHERS.

WITH the exception of Marginalia and "books received," the February number of "New Shakespeareana" consists entirely of a further chapter of the autobiography of Dr. Appleton Morgan.

The chapter commences with an attack in the

* *Les Filigranes* (Quaritch).

† "A New Light on the Renaissance" (Dent).

writer's most forcible style on those poor deluded creatures who can believe in the possibility of Bacon having used cyphers. Dr. Morgan says :—

"Surely if there are Shakespearean scholars—fully equipped and accurate scholars as they are—who are so mentally constituted as to believe that these great transcripts of not only Nature and of the human heart, but of current and local material, are mere adjustments of text to a lot of ciphers or acrostic signatures of Francis Bacon, or anagrams or witches' palindromes—surely these fully equipped scholars should not be surprised that other Shakespearean scholars quite as fully equipped, perhaps, as themselves, are so obsessed with contempt for what seems to them (possibly from some congenital incapacity) mere childishness and puerile folly, that they decline to discuss the matter with them at all !"

That exactly represents the mental attitude of Mr. Sidney Lee, Canon Beeching, and other Stratfordians of that ilk towards those who claim that there is a problem to be solved involving the authorship of the Shakespeare plays. But Dr. Morgan waxes stronger in his denunciation of those who venture to differ from him on the subject. He continues :—

"And so the real and earnest study of the authorship problem is handicapped always by the callow and half-baked, if not absolutely ignorant or crazy, persons who seize on the apparent paradox of something 'going about in other's name' to keep the Baconian theory, which is entitled to serious examination, in the light of a gibberish to make the unthinking laugh and the judicious grieve."

The late Mr. Churton Collins could not have used stronger terms about Baconians, so apparently his methods are justified ; or is it that two wrongs do not make a right ?

And again :—

"But the most elaborate and, if possible, the most ridiculous of all, came in a big quarto at a big price, 'Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon. Now for the first time discovered by Herbert Stone Booth !'"

Mr. Stone Booth can defend and is defending himself from his critics on the other side of the Atlantic. On this side there have been two serious criticisms of the work—one which appeared in the *Library* for October, 1909, by Mr. W. W. Greg, and the other in the *Cornhill* for January, 1910, by Mr. W. H. Pollock. Neither of these criticisms, however, deal with that which is the basis of Mr. Booth's contention, namely, that the recurrence of the acrostic signature in the same position time after time and arrived at by the same process cannot be the result of chance, and must be attributed to design. It is not a problem of occurrence but of recurrence in the same place.

Dr. Morgan would probably characterize in equally strong terms Mr. Tanner's discovery that the lines, "To the reader," prefixed to the first folio edition of the Shakespeare plays is a code or table of numbers, and that the year 1623 was specially chosen for its production on account of the marvellous use which could be made of the numbers 1, 6, 2, 3 and 1623 in connection with that table, and yet those are stubborn facts, and before many months, if not weeks, have passed this will be proved beyond the shadow of doubt.

Enough of Mr. Tanner's work to prove the validity of his discovery has been, and is being, submitted to eminent mathematicians and literary men for their examination. It is placed in the hands of each with the request that they will prick the bubble if there is one. There is no limit placed upon the time which they may take to do this. Not one of them has even leanings towards the Baconian theory. They will constitute what the Editor of the *Observer* stipulated for, namely, "an adequate committee" for the investigation of a subject so important. When their labours are completed they will meet together as a Committee, it is hoped, under the presidency of a Judge of the High

Court. When the names are announced their award must be accepted as conclusive on the points at issue. This will be far and away the most important contribution to the authorship problem yet published. It may not prove that Francis Bacon wrote the plays, but it will place beyond doubt the fact that the name William Shakespeare is arrived at by the most marvellous arrangement of letters in the English or any other language—that if a letter be taken from it or its position altered, a delicate piece of mosaic work would be irretrievably spoilt—that the name is constructed to carry in it the name of Francis Bacon and the year 1623, and much more besides.

Francis Bacon was probably the greatest master of cyphers who lived in a period when elaborate cypher writing was studied as a fine art in every court in the civilised world. This will be proved from work quite distinct from that of Mr. Tanner. What will Dr. Morgan say when he learns the truth about the construction of the Sonnets, the Essays, and the *Sylvarum*? There is a sentence in Rawley's introduction to the latter which appears to have escaped the notice of Baconians. At any rate, only one man has fathomed its meaning.

"I have heard," says Rawley, "his Lordship say also, that one great Reason, why he would not put these particulars into any exact Method (though he that looketh attentively, shall find that, they have a secret order) was," &c. When that secret order is made known there will be no further discussion as to the authorship of the Shakespeare plays. There is a medal designed by J. Dassier, a Swiss, in memory of FRANCIS BACON. On the reverse side is an emblematic representation with the motto, NON PROCOL DIES.

NOTES.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING was one of the guests at the annual dinner of the Playgoers' Club, held on the 20th March. Mr. H. B. Irving and other good Stratfordians were there in force. They must have felt uncomfortable when they heard the witty judge, in speaking of the proposed Shakespeare Memorial, say: "Yet he was afraid that after they had, perhaps, built a monument of the size of St. Paul's it might be discovered that they had erected it only to commemorate an old lawyer who used to be Lord Keeper in the time of Shakespeare, and who was not considered quite the most creditable, though absolutely the most clever, member of the profession of that day."

It is a minor point that Shakespeare was lying in his grave when Bacon was made Lord Keeper, a position which he only occupied for a few months. But on what evidence Mr. Justice Darling makes a comparison with the other lawyers of his day to the detriment of Bacon it is difficult to understand. It is gratifying to find that some of the editors of text books are beginning to emancipate themselves from the effect which Macaulay's prejudice and inaccuracy has surrounded them. In an introduction to Bacon's "Henry VII.," published by the Cambridge Press, the writer says:—

"But it is due to the memory of so great a man to record that the latest and most complete examinations into his whole conduct prove that neither in one case nor in the other does Bacon deserve the blame which has been cast upon him. He was desirous to serve Essex so long as he could be true to the calls of friendship without being false to his higher duty as a citizen. And in his office of judge the faults which he admitted were faults of his age and not of the man. He did no more than fall in with a prac-

tice which had prevailed for generations and concerning which every judge on the bench was as guilty as himself. No instance can be pointed out among his judgments where justice was warped by his favour to either side, nor in connection with which anyone has ever risen to say that Bacon's decision was bought."

THE following note is from *The Globe* :—

"GOOD IN PARTS."

"Shakespearean students who would agree in scorning Bacon's authorship of the plays do not always agree in recognising Shakespeare's. Thus Sir Edward Clarke has been declaring in the *Times* that of the 350 lines in the five scenes of the last act of *Julius Cæsar* no fewer than 336 are the clumsy work of another hand, and are 'at a dead level of dulness, without a single gleam of elevation of thought or distinction of phrase.' This does seem rather sweeping, and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree points to the farewell of Brutus to Cassius as worthy of Shakespeare, while Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy denies the dead level of dulness, and refers to two fine passages, one being the speech of Brutus :—

'O that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come !

But it sufficeth that the day will end

And then the end is known.'

This is certainly 'the speech of a poet.' Adding Sir Edward Clarke's own concession that the eight lines beginning 'This was the noblest Roman of them all' could be written only by Shakespeare, the end of *Julius Cæsar* begins to look less weedy."

Shakespearean students will continue to flounder about in the meshes of their criticisms until they realize what is the key to the position. Then the rough places will be made plain.

THE Rev. S. Baring-Gould has recently been reviewing the second volume of the "Literary History of the English People from the Renaissance to the Civil War," by M. Jusserand. The following choice extracts may well justify Mr. G. G. Greenwood in his assertion that the real defamers of Shakespeare are they of the orthodox creed :—

"Shakespeare placed no value at all on his plays. He took care to have his *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* published, after having been carefully revised by himself, in his lifetime; but he flung his masterpieces of dramatic art to the players, and concerned himself in no way about their future. He wrote for the stage because he wanted the money wherewith to buy a coat of arms some land, and be able to write himself "a gentleman." That his future fame depended on these compositions and not on his metrical pieces that he printed never entered his head. He despised them; and the reason why he despised them was because they were written to please the vulgar. We have only to look at the Elizabethan drama, which drew crowds to the theatres and was intensely relished, to understand this. The English theatre-going public demanded plenty of blood and thunder. And not only did the vulgar demand plenty of atrocities performed before their eyes, they could hardly appreciate fun that was not coarse. Shakespeare despised his audience for insisting on these things, and despised himself for inserting them, and despised his dramas because they included them. But he wanted money to buy a coat of arms, and to be able to subscribe himself *Armigero*, like Justice Shallow, and so he lowered his genius to cater to the public taste.

"What Shakespeare thought of the people who crowded the theatres may be judged from the scorn he pours upon the "common people" in *Julius Cæsar*, and, above all, in *Coriolanus*. And it was because he was thus standing high above them, and yet had to debase himself to suit the exigencies of the time and the depraved taste of the multitude, that he held his plays so cheap.

What must I say ?

I pray, sir ?—Plague upon 't ! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.

“Coriolanus might say this, and Shakespeare admired
him for it, but he could not act like him.”

To assert that the man who wrote the immortal
dramas did not know their value is to assert a paradox.
Probably language never reached a greater height than
in the words of Romeo spoken over Juliet's dead body—

Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?

And yet the Rev. S. Baring-Gould would have us
believe that the man who wrote those lines knew not
their value !

The *Gazette* of Montreal of the 26th of March contains a long account of a paper the subject of which was “Shakespeare (?)”—“a problem . . . involving . . . the crowning glory of all literature,” which he described as a most intricate and far-reaching question. Mr. Baylis dealt at considerable length with the extraordinary make-up of the folio edition, designating the paging as fantastic and suggestive. He pointed out that in the second Folio of 1632 and the third of 1664 “each page is a duplicate of the same page in the 1623 Folio, beginning and ending with the same words and repeating even the same apparent errors of pagination, spelling, bracketing, and hyphenation of the text.”

It is curious that the figures contained in the year of the second are the same as those of the first Folio—1623—1632, and the year of the third Folio has the last two figures of the year of the previous issue doubled—1664. There is a Dutch book of emblems printed in

Amsterdam and published in 1624. On the page preceding the title-page the work is thus described—

Iohannis de Brunes I.C.

ZINNE-VVERCK.

In the Emblem VIII. on page 57 three barrels are to be seen as the most prominent objects in the picture. On one is written 1623, and on each of the other two are two crossed keys. This clearly is intended to convey the idea that the key is 1623. The question naturally follows: Key to what? Mr. Tanner's discovery provides an abundant answer.

Proof, which exists, of Francis Bacon's connection with some of the emblem writers of his period, especially Jacob de Bruck and Jacob Bornitius, has yet to be made public. I. Baudoin was the translator into the French language of the first edition of Bacon's "Essays," published in 1626. In 1638—1639 a collection of emblems was issued under his name, entitled, "*Recueil d'emblèmes divers avec des discours moraux, philos. et polit.*," with 137 illustrations by Isaac and Marie Briot. In the preface thereto the author says: "*Le grand chancelier Bacon m'ayant fait naitre l'envie de travailler à ces emblèmes . . . m'en a fourni les principaux, que j'ai tirés de l'explication ingénieuse qu'il a donnée de quelques fables, et de ses autres ouvrages.*"

The Caxton Publishing Company state that the most important event in the present publishing season will be the issue of the Caxton edition of Shakespeare's works. They state that it has been six years in preparation, and has been edited by Mr. Sidney Lee, whose name—save the mark!—"is a guarantee

for the last word in Shakesperean interpretation." Mr. Lee is stated to have associated with him a singularly brilliant company of critics.

"The last word" appears to be a favourite expression of the Stratfordian. Canon Beeching, who is one of this singularly brilliant company of critics, in his feeble and futile reply to Mr. Greenwood's "Shakespeare Problem Re-stated," claims that the last word as to the contention that Bacon was associated with the production of the Shakespeare plays must rest with the man of letters. Now it is grandiloquently announced that the last word in Shakesperean interpretation rests with Mr. Sidney Lee. Well, it may be stated with confidence that neither of these distinguished literary men will be associated with the last word which will be said on this subject. Blinded by prejudice they ignore facts, and therefor substitute fiction. Stumbling along in the dark, they seek to cover the insufficiency and incongruity of their conclusions by loudly proclaiming their infallibility. When that day arrives in which a later word than the now much-vaunted "last word" will be spoken, over the names of Mr. Sidney Lee and Canon Beeching as Shakesperean critics will be written as an epitaph the work "Tekel."

Dr. Appleton Morgan, in the chapter of this autobiography elsewhere alluded to, pays a high tribute to Richard Grant White, whom he pronounces without hesitation to be the most brilliant Shakesperean scholar that ever lived. He also speaks of his friendship with Dr. R. M. Theobald in warm terms, but when he describes him as "now in his ninetieth (1909) year 'the grand old man of the Baconian camp,'" he adds ten years to his age, for Dr. Theobald is only eighty. Those who know the venerable Baconian will cordially agree with Dr. Morgan when he writes:—"Certainly Dr. Theobald is

a ripe scholar, who has not only taken all the classics, but all mathematics and logistics and music, and as nearly as any one man ever came to it—everything for his province.”

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley is one of those students that are not content to drift down the main stream of inquiry, but is an indefatigable explorer of literary back waters. Her “Mystical Traditions” is marked by the same care and scholarship that distinguishes “Traces of a Hidden Tradition.”

The second half of her new book is devoted to cipher writing, and many very interesting facts are brought into prominence. It is pleasant to find that much of the bread which the Bacon Society has been throwing for years past upon the waters is now beginning to return, for Mrs. Cooper-Oakley makes special acknowledgments to the works of Mr. Wigston and other Baconians. One of the prettiest examples of cipher writing to which she draws attention is that occurring in the preliminary verses of the Olivetan Bible, which contain the cipher message :

Les Vaudois, peuple evangelique
Ont ce mis thresor en publique.

It will be seen that this information is spelled out by the initial letters of the lines :

Lecteur entends, si verite adresse
Viens donc ouyr instamment sa promesse
Et vif parler ; lequel en excellence
Veult asseurer nostre gresse esperance
L'esprit Iesus qui visite et ordonne
Noz tendres meurs, ici sans cry estonne
Tout hault raillart escumant son ordure.
Remercions eternelle nature,
Prenons vouloir bienfaire librement
Iesus querons veoir eternellement.

The book contains a valuable general bibliography of

the subject and should be in the hands of every student of literature. Copies of "Mystical Traditions" (4s.) may be obtained from the Society's offices.

Mr. G. G. Greenwood, M.P., will shortly publish a reply to his critics under the title of "The Vindicators of Shakespeare." The articles which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1909, by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., on "Francis Bacon as a Poet," and by the Rev. Canon Beeching styled "A Last Word to Mr. George Greenwood," are dealt with in this volume. Mr. Greenwood was refused the right of reply by the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, and has chosen this method of effectually vindicating his position. The book is written in Mr. Greenwood's well-known vigorous style, and after a perusal any impartial reader will be compelled to admit that his opponents are utterly discomfited.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

[THE following Latin rendering of the well-known hymn,

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily course of duty run,"

is, I venture to think, worth printing in BACONIANA, as the work of one of our members. It may be useful as a specimen of the "colossal ignorance" frequently attributed to us by Shakspeareans—ignorance not only of Elizabethan literature but of classics also. We think that no English writer could have translated this poem into Latin—every word and every phrase in purest classic phraseology—unless he was a good classic, and familiar with the best types of classical literature. Mr. William Theobald's book on the *Classic Element in Shakespeare* proves him to have been equally gifted in both sides of Shakspearcan literature. He died at Budleigh Salterton about two years ago. R. M. T.]

"AWAKE, MY SOUL."

∞ Ut Sol ætherios avet instaurare labores
 Sic mihi mens alacer sit, similisque suæ.
 Nec matutinâ tardus sim surgere in horâ,
 Assoluta at cupidus solvere sacra Deo.

Sit mihi mens semper venturæ conscia mortis,
 Sic nox quæque fluat, sic sine late dies ;
 Sitque mihi studium ut crescant commissa talenta
 Judicum ut Domini mitius inveniam.

Sit morum mihi, sit sincera modestia linguæ,
 Neve onus occultum nequitiae timeam ;
 Omnia secreti bene scit penetralia cordis,
 Omnia cognoscit mente reposita Deus.

Eja age, rumpe moras ; mi Cor, nunc collige vires ;
 Angelicos cœtus liber ut introam ;
 Qui laudes celebrant per sæcla sequentia mundum
 Rite gubernantem nocte dieque Deum.

Laudatus mihi sit semper, qui tempore noctis
 Me salvumque tenet, meque simul recreat ;
 Ætheriasque iterum quando surrexero ad auras
 Det vitâ aptatâ perpetuâque frui.

Te, Pater, O, solum Te matutinus adoro ;
 Sol ror em ut delet, criminis aufer onus ;
 Dirige consilio cæcæ primordia mentis,
 Et semper pectus compleat aura Tui.

Dirige Tu cursum ; mihi Tu semper comes esto,
 Ceu res gestandas consiliumve parem ;
 Si duce Te potero superare pericula vitæ
 Nominis ergo Tui gloria major erit.

Collaudate Deum, manibus qui sustinet orbem,
 Quos terra innumeros proteget alma sinu ;
 Vos quoque, Vos animæ, quibus est cœlestis origo,
 Spiritum et Unigenam et concelebrate Patrem.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR EDITOR,—In my article "*Merry Wives of Windsor*" (BACONIANA, Vol. VI. p. 205) I give the key to Shallow's identity. I have found a further link in the chain of evidence.

Rudder, in his "*History of Gloucestershire*," says: "Sir Ellis Hicks was made a Knight Banneret, Edward III., and had *three fleurs-de-lis* given him for his arms on account of his bravery and taking a pair of colours when in service of the Black Prince." So his descendant, Baptist, bore white luces in his old coat, 300 years old (*M. W. W.*, Act. I. sc. i.).

Rudder also says moneyed Baptist owed his great dealings with the Court (in rich silks from abroad and "other commodities") to the interest of his elder brother, Michael, Law

Secretary to Burleigh, and endeared to Robert Cecil—a fact hardly likely to have endeared himself or his family more to Francis Bacon. Yours truly, ALICIA A. LEITH.
10, Clorane Gardens, Hampstead, March 3rd, 1910.

The Shakespeare Sensation.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Much honour is due to Dr. C. W. Wallace for his "Shakespeare Discoveries," but he is pressing the significance too far in suggesting that Shakespeare paid Montjoi, his landlord, the compliment of naming after him the French herald in *Henry V.* Shakespeare drew the material of *Henry V.* from Holinshed's "Chronicles," and Montjoi, the French herald, is not a dramatic fiction, but an historical character mentioned many times by Holinshed. Yours truly,
March 1st, 1910. HAROLD BAYLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—In looking through some old books at the British Museum I came across the following rather amusing sentence in "The Beauties of England," printed in 1767, and after reading it perhaps you will agree with me in thinking the writer is the only person who has ever had the temerity to call our great philosopher a *curiosity*:—

"It is impossible to visit St. Albans without thinking of the great Francis Lord Bacon, Baron of Verulam, who is allowed to have laid the foundation of most of the modern improvements in sciences, and was born at Gorhambury, near this place.

"In this county, at Abbots Langley, was also born Nicholas Breakspear, who for his great learning was raised to be Pope, by the name of Adrian IV. These two curiosities in the human race may atone for the want of other natural curiosities in this county, of which there are not many," etc.

This last paragraph shows the name of Breakspear to have been a familiar one to the ears of Francis Bacon, and a slight change makes it into the pseudonym we would fain prove he used. Yours truly, A. C. BUNTEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

CAN any reader of BACONIANA tell me who is the Dr. Arthur Bacon alluded to in a footnote on page 80 of "Sir Thomas Brown" in the Men of Letters series, edited by Edmund Gosse? A. A. LEITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—A copy of "*Histoire Naturelle de Mr. Francois Bacon*," published in Paris in 1631, has recently come into my hands. In speaking of the work, neither the late Rev. Walter Begley, in his "*Nova Resuscitatio*," nor Mr. Granville Cunningham, in his article which appeared in *BACONIANA*, refer to what appears to me to be a curious reference in the "*Epistre*" prefixed to the work to which the initials D. M. are added, to Francis Bacon's visits to France.

It commences, "*Ce Chancelier, qu'on a fait venir tant de fois en France, n'a point quitté l'Angleterre avec tant de passion de nous découvrir ses merveilles que depuis qu'il a sceu le rang dont on avoit reconnu vos vertus.*" The words "*fait venir*"—literally, "*made to come*"—may be roughly translated "*fetched*" or "*brought*." The "*Epistre*" is addressed to Monseigneur de Chateau-neuf, who, Mr. Cunningham pointed out, was Ambassador Extraordinary to England in 1629-30. Can it be that the correct translation of the passage would be "*The works of this Chancellor which have been fetched so many times into France,*" etc.? I should be glad if someone better acquainted with old French than I am would clear up this point.

March 12th, 1910.

KINGSMILL LONG.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Can any of your readers inform me whether there were translations into Spanish of any of Francis Bacon's works prior to the year 1640? The catalogue of the British Museum does not contain any reference to such. In the country of Cervantes, Quevedo, Lope, and Calderon, one would expect to find that an attempt was made to give their readers some opportunity of perusing, in the native tongue, some of the great Englishman's works.

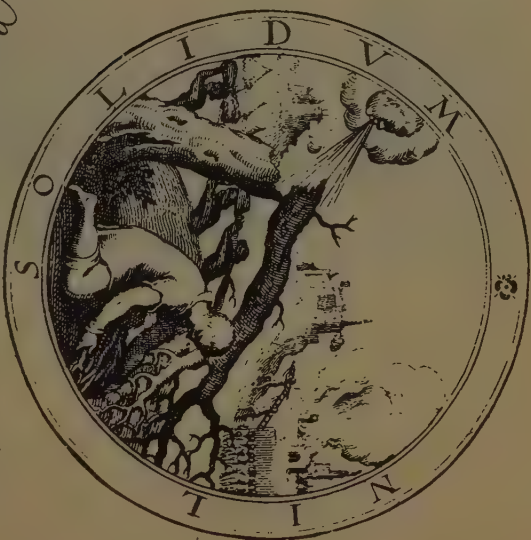
H. T. BURNSIDE.

Figure I.



*Amputat hic putres ramos, non utilis lignum.
 Nonne vultis ne integra pars pereat.
 Descendenda male est quavis occasus: ne forte
 Immolant longa cuncta tarda mori.*

Figure II.



*Non servas ac ventis cum arborosa furentibus arbores
 Depictu, quavis culmina fracta rupt-
 Sac regni mole, cum quavis sancta labaret
 Quam cum saeva*



Figure III.



Figure IV.

THE XXXVII. BOOKE.

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THE ARGUMENT

*Marys a doth present herselfe before
King Charles, and in his presence is baptiz'd:
Alloso doth Semados fight vnto
By whom such barbaerie feats are enterprised,
That Aramant therewith murthered fore;
Is by Sobrino finally aduis'd,
To make a challenge on Rogeros head,
To end the troubles that the warre had bred.*

Figure VI.

Figure V.



Figure VII.



Figure VIII.



Figure IX.

Figure X.



THE
GENEALOGIES
RECORDED IN THE SA-
CRED SCRIPTVRES, AC-
cording to euery FAMILY
and TRIBE.

WITH
The Line of our Sauour IESVS
CHRIST obserued from *Adams*
to the blessed VIRGIN
MARY.

By

I. S.



CVM PRIVILEGIO.

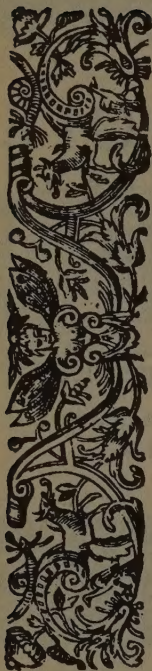


Figure XI.



Figure XII.

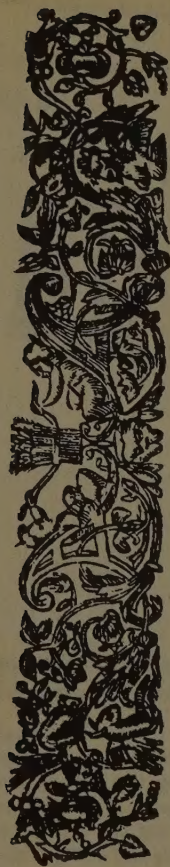


Figure XIII.



Figure XIV.

